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THE CHILD'S OWN STORY BOOK



PHILADELPHIA: GEORGE S. APPLETON.



THE
CHILD'S OWN STORY BOOK;

OR,

TALES AND DIALOGUES FOR THE NURSERY.

BY MRS. JERRAM,

(Late JANE ELIZABETH HOLMES.)

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ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
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TO
ANNA MARY HOWITT,

DAUGHTER OF
WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT,

This Book of Simple Stories,

is

MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

In writing the following pages, my most earnest desire has been to awaken in the hearts of little children, kindly and affectionate feelings toward each other, submission and loving confidence toward their parents, and reverence and love toward God. This I have attempted in describing scenes and objects, most of which must be familiar to every child. The language I have used is the easiest I could command, so that a child of three years old may understand it.

As a book for the nursery, I trust this little volume will be found a welcome and pleasant companion ; and if within its pages be contained any lesson which may prove lastingly useful to only one little child, I shall not lose my reward. But it is my fervent hope, that not in the heart of one only, but of many little children, right and true feelings may be called up, and quickened by my humble efforts ; and that the seed thus sown, may bear everlasting and heavenly fruit.

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THE
CHILD'S OWN STORY BOOK.

A NEW book, little children!—a new book! Come let us look at it;—see how clean and neat it is,—how many pretty pictures there are in it, and pleasant words, I hope too. What is the first story? Oh! it is,

THE PLAY-HOUSE.

I HAVE got a little play-house under that tree; come pussy, and I will show it to you. The floor is of green grass, and I sit on a

couch of moss, and the roof is a bough of the old oak tree, and a little brook goes singing by my door. Ah! here is a little bird come to taste my cake; I will throw it a handful of crumbs. No, no, pussy, you must not catch the little bird. There, now he is gone, and I can see him no longer; he is gone up into the sky, where you, pussy, can not follow him.

CHARLEY'S ORANGE.

“**WOULD** Charley like a nice large orange?” “Yes, mamma, if Fanny and Jane may have one too.” “**BUT** if I give one to Charley only, what will he do with it?” “**DIVIDE** it into three parts, and give one to Fanny, one to Jane, and eat the

ether himself, Mamma.” “Why would he not eat it all himself?” “Because Fanny and Jane like oranges as well as Charley does; and it would be unkind not to give them some.”

“Here, then, is a nice one for Charley—a nice one for Fanny—and a nice one for Jane.”

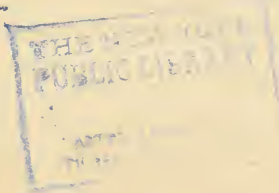
THE KITTEN.

OH! Charlotte, just look at the kitten, how she lies with her paws tucked up, and her eyes half-shut: is she not a pretty creature? There, now, she is quite awake. Now the cat and she are gone to play: hark how they purr. See how puss jumps and lays back her ears, and

the kitten jumps still higher, and pats pussy's face with her little paw. There, now they have done playing, and puss is gone away, and the kitten sits on the hearth with her face to the fire; and is going to sleep. Now she has laid down, and we will not disturb her.

THE LITTLE MOUSE.

LITTLE mouse! little mouse! where are you running to? Oh! you need not scamper away so fast, I do not wish to catch you. Ah! that is your hole, is it? Oh! very well, I shall know where to watch for you now. What, you are peeping out again, are you? with your sly black eye: what is it you want? Oh! I





JAMES AND HIS ROCKING HORSE

see a little piece of cheese on the floor—that is what you are longing for, is it? Here then, take it; but take care of your head, or it will fall upon it. Oh! I see I had no need to tell you of that, for you have gone down as quick as lightning.

Come, are you not coming to peep at me again? Oh! no, I dare say you are too busy eating your cheese, and so good-bye to you!

JAMES AND HIS ROCKING-HORSE.

WELL! I do believe James has fallen off the rocking-horse; he is a silly boy not to have held fast. I really can not help laughing, he looks so funny.

“Betsey, my love, is it you that I hear

speaking in that unkind manner? If your brother has fallen, why do you not run and help him? It is very wrong, my love, to laugh when any one is hurt."

"I know it is, dear mamma, and I will try not to do so again; but, really, it was so droll to see James fall over the horse's head, I could not help laughing just then. But I will go to him and see if he is hurt: I think not, for he is not crying. Forgive me, dear mamma, I did not intend to be unkind."

THE SPIDER AND FLY.

WHAT is that spider doing? O! I see now. He is watching that little fly, which is running up and down the window-

panes. Ah! now he has caught him, and is eating him for his dinner, the naughty little spider. Why could he not let the poor fly live as well as himself? But I suppose he was hungry, and he must have something to eat as well as I, and I dare say if I had no kind parents to provide my food, I should think of looking for something for myself. Therefore, little spider, I will not blame thee, and call thee cruel, because God has taught thee to find thine own food; and whatever God teaches, must surely be right.

THE LITTLE PEBBLES.

LET us sit down on this green bank, and listen to the stream as it runs on

warbling at our feet. "What do you think it says, Emma?" "It seems to say, 'how peaceful, how peaceful.'" "What do you think it says, Charlotte?" "I think it says, 'Little pebbles in my bosom, I'm singing you a song; little pebbles in my bosom, do you hear my song?'" "I am sure, Emma, these must be very happy little pebbles, always lying at the bottom of the stream, where no naughty boys can gather them, to throw after the poor little birds; do you not think they are, Emma?" "They are very snug, Charlotte, but happy they can not be, because they have no feeling." "O! I wish they had, Emma, they would be so glad to know how nicely they lie at the bottom

of the stream, and how sweetly it sings to them all the day long."

LITTLE ROBERT.

"MAMMA, when will dear brother Robert come home again?" "Very soon, I hope, Agnes." "And so do I, mamma; for I can not play, nor do any thing so well as when he was here; I am sure, mamma, my eyes filled with tears this morning, when I found a blue-bell growing under a hedge in the lane; because Robert loves the blue-bell better than any other flower; and I thought of him when I saw it, and so I put it into my bosom. One day when he thought himself quite alone, he sat on a green bank in the gar-

den, and I stood behind a tree close by, and I heard him say, ‘Little blue-bell, little blue-bell, chiming all the day long to the wild bee, and the lady-moth,—how I love thee, pretty blue-bell.’ Oh! mamma, was it not pretty of dear Robert to speak so sweetly to the blue-bell?” “Yes, Agnes, very pretty.” “O, brother, dear dear brother! do come; I feel as though I could sit by this window and never move from it till I saw you coming.”

WHAT SHALL I DO?

I WANT some one to play with me, and I can find no one. O dear! what must I do? Ann is busy sewing, John is at his lessons, and even little Arthur is making

a new kite. What shall I do with myself? for I am sure I don't know. Carlo, Carlo, where are you? why don't you come? Oh! Carlo is gone out with papa, and there is no one to play with me. Puss, puss, will not you come? O dear! puss is washing her face, even she has something to do. Well, who is to play with me? Ann will not, nor will John, nor will Arthur, nor will Carlo, nor will puss, and I can not play by myself; so what must I do? Why, I will be like all the rest of them, and get some work; and I have just thought of a very good thing to do; and that is, to dig a hole in the yard to bury the mouse in, which Carlo killed last night.

THE LITTLE DOG.

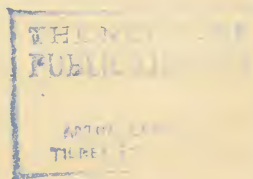
THERE was once a little dog, and he lived with his master in a small wooden hut. Now, this little dog was not so well fed as some dogs are ; he had nothing but dry bread to eat, and water to drink, for his master was very poor, and could not afford to buy meat. Now, I suppose you think because this dog had no better food to eat, he could not be happy ; but let me tell you he was very happy, and I will tell you why. Because he loved his master, and it was his highest delight to serve that master, for he was always kind to him, and shared with him such food as he ate himself, and what more could he do ?

My little children learn a lesson from this poor dog ; never murmur if your home is humble, and your fare hard, if your parents love you, and treat you kindly ; what matters it, whether you live in a palace, or in a cottage ? Do you not know that God loves the little daisy as well as the lofty cedar tree ? Do you not know that he feeds the sparrow, as well as the eagle ? And does he not also love the poor, as well as the rich ? Yes, the Lord loves all good people, whether rich or poor, for he is the Father of them all.

THE LITTLE CHICKEN.

I MET a little chicken in the lane this morning, and I thought it must be lost,

for it was crying very sadly, and seemed as though it did not know where to run. So after a great deal of trouble I caught it, and took it to the farm-house in the lane, and asked if they had lost one. And so Mrs. Johnson went out to look, and when she came back she said, "Yes, they had lost one," and she took me to its mother and the other chickens; and when I put the chick down beside the hen, she said, "cluck, cluck," and she spread out her wing, and the chicken ran under it very much pleased. And how glad I felt as I came home because I had made that little chicken happy,—for what makes us feel so glad as the knowledge that we have made any thing happy?





THE LITTLE SHIP

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THE LITTLE SHIP.

I HAVE made a little ship of cork, and am going to let it sail in this basin of water. Now let us fancy this water to be the North-Pacific Ocean, and those small pieces of cork at that side to be the Friendly Islands, and this little man in the ship to be Captain Cook going to find them. “Do you know where Captain Cook was born?” “He was born at Marton, a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire.”

THE LAMB.

It was a sunny, and lovely morning, when the little white lamb was taken by

the shepherd boy to the great house in the park ; and how happy were those little children to whom it was given by their kind papa. And Ellen twined a wreath of flowers, and placed them about the neck of the lamb, and Lucy brought it a basin of new milk ; Alfred said he never saw such a pretty creature ; and little Robert knelt by its side, and clasped his arms round its neck, and told it how much they all would love it, and that it should drink of the clearest stream, and nibble the sweetest little daisies and the greenest grass in the park. And the lamb licked Robert's face and seemed to thank him ; and its meek eyes looked into his eyes, and it knew that he was a gentle

child, and it was no longer afraid. And so it began to trot about on the soft grass, and to follow the children wherever they went; and it soon became one of the happiest little lambs that ever lived.

THE SNOW.

COME here to the window, brother Ambrose, and look at the snow as it falls like white feathers. See! it is lodging on the branches of the cherry-tree, and the poor little daisies are quite hidden. Now, how fast it comes down, and the ground is quite white. Ah! there is our own robin red-breast—I wish we had him here in the house, out of the cold snow; but he shall have some crumbs. Here, robin! see,

he comes close to the window, and look at his little foot-marks in the snow. Oh! robin, how I love thee, pretty creature! Look at him now; he has flown to yonder white rail, and he turns his pretty head on one side, and sings us a grateful song.

Sweet robin! pretty robin! I am sure your song has filled my heart with joy; has it not yours, dear brother?

THE TORTOISE.

Oh! look at that poor boy; what has he got half-hidden by his ragged coat? O! I see, it is a poor little tortoise. I dare say he has brought it with him from some distant country, from Italy, perhaps.

I wonder whether he has a mother, and whether he has left any little brothers and sisters behind him. If so, I dare say they peep out from their cottage door many times in a day, to see if he is coming; and when playing about on the green sunny hills, they think of their brother now in a far-off land, who used to sing to them, and gather flowers and fruit for them. Alas! little creatures, they know not how far away that brother is from them, nor how his poor half-naked feet bleed as he walks along the rough pavement of the streets—nor how crossly he is often spoken to—nor how often he thinks of his brothers and sisters in sunny Italy—nor how he weeps when he thinks of his home.

Play on, dear children ! still peep out from your cottage-door, and watch for your brother's return ; and may He, who guides the little swallow over the paths of the great sea, soon bring him back to your cottage again.

SPRING.

Oh ! it is Spring ! it is Spring ! let us away to the woods, and see if the primroses and violets are come. O ! the soft, fresh breezes, how they kiss my cheek. How glad I feel. Here we are in the pleasant green wood ; and the buds are bursting into leaf—and the flowers are springing up out of the earth—and the birds are building in the trees—and all

things seem happy, and so are we. O! I have found a peep-hole in the hedge, and what do I see? I see snow white lambs, happy, frisking and leaping; they are so glad. Sweet Spring! thou fillest our laps with flowers, and our hearts with joy; and makest all creatures happy.

THE DEAD SQUIRREL.

“DID you ever see a squirrel, Lucy?”
“O! yes! you know uncle Edward used to keep one, and very fond I was of it; but, poor little thing, it died, and I shall never forget how I wept when I went one morning to his little house, and found him lying with his pretty black eyes quite dim, and his once nimble feet stiff and cold. I

declare I can not help weeping now, when I think of all his funny little ways."

"Well, Lucy, papa has given me a squirrel, and I want you to tell me what I must give him to eat." "Oh! dear cousin, have you indeed got a squirrel? and will you take me to look at him?" "Yes, Lucy; but what must he have to eat? for I want to feed him." "O! he will eat fruit, almonds, hazel-nuts and acorns." "O! very well; thank you, Lucy."

"Is it true, that squirrels, when they have to cross a river or a stream, use a piece of the bark of a tree, or of some light wood, as a boat, while their tails supply the place of sails?" "I believe it

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THE FROSTY MORNING.

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is true that squirrels do so in some countries, cousin Henry." "I wish we had a pond, Lucy, or any piece of water, I would try to make my squirrel go across it, on a piece of board. But here he is. Look how still he sits; I think he is sulky, because he is in a strange place."

THE FROSTY MORNING.

"OH! this clear frosty morning! it makes one feel all life and glee. I declare I have been running about the garden till I am quite in a glow; and there you sit by the fire, Emma, looking cold and dull. Come with me, and I will show you how the little pond is frozen over." "Nay, it is so cold; I do not like to go."

“Oh! put on your bonnet, and tie your kerchief round your neck, and you will be warm enough.” “Nay, I will not go, and so you need not tease me.” “O! I will go, brother Edwin; I am not cold.” “Yes, do, dear little Ellen; and I will show you the long icicles which hang on the front of the arbor; and let us run to the field, as I want you to see the hoar frost on the grass, and to feel it crisp under your feet. Is it not a lovely morning, my Ellen?” “It is, indeed, my dear brother.”

THE KIND BOY.

“LET us play at something.” “Well, what shall it be?” “Why, let us play at

horses." "Nay, we can not play at horses, because little Alfred and Stephen will want to play, and that game will be too rough for such little fellows as they are."

"O! never mind them, they are but babies; let them play at some game by themselves; and we will go out into the yard, and they may stay in the house."

"Nay, Tom, they must be with us wherever we are, because they were left to our care; and they might burn themselves, or get into some other mischief, if we were to leave them alone." "Well, you

can please yourself, Edward, but I shall not play with them; how silly I should look playing with two little babies."

"Very well, Tom, I will excuse you

though I think you would not look more silly than you do now ; but it is not always the greatest people that are the wisest. Come, Alfred and Stephen, the rocking-horse is on the lawn, and you shall ride, and I will take care that you do not fall off." "O ! then I shall go home ; good bye. Edward." "Good-by, Tom ; I am sorry you will not stay." "I am sure you are not, Edward, or else you would play with me ; but you would rather play with babies, than with great boys." "No, Tom ; but I would rather do right than wrong."

THE GOLD FISH.

“WHAT are you crying for, Jane?”

“Why, mamma, I have found one of my gold fishes lying on the floor, quite dead; and I am sure some one must have taken it out of the basin, for it could not have leapt out itself.”

“Why, my dear, who do you think would be so cruel as to take it out?”

“One of the children, I should think, mamma; I dare say it was Tom, for he is always in mischief.”

“Well, Jane, Tom is not cruel; though I own he does indulge rather too much in mischief; but I will call in the children, and inquire of them.

Children! have any of you been looking at sister Jane’s fishes, this morning?”

“I have not, mamma.”

“Nor I.” “Nor I, mamma,” “Then, mamma, it must have been little Frederick.” “Nay, Jane, you can not think it was Frederick; for you know he has to stand on tip-toe even to look into the basin: but here he comes. Frederick, dear, have you been looking at sister Jane’s fishes?” “Yes, mamma; and I took one out, and it was so glad it jumped out of my hand.” “And did you not catch it again, Frederick?” “No, mamma, it would not let me, it was so pleased to be jumping on the floor; and it went on playing and jumping for a minute or two, then it laid down and went to sleep.” “Ah! Frederick, the poor little fish is dead.”

“Who killed it, mamma?” “It died, my love, because you took it out of the water; fishes can live only in water, my dear, and you could not live in it. If I were to put you into the water and leave you there, you would die; and so the poor little fish died, because it was taken out of the water.” “Then, mamma, why did it jump and seem so glad?” “It was in pain, my dear; it was dying.” “Oh! mamma, I am very sorry.” “Yes, love, will you tell sister Jane so, and ask her to forgive you?” “Yes, mamma.”

JOHN AND THE FROG.

“WHAT do you want, John? I wish you would not push me about in this manner.” “Well, I want Dash, and I can not find him.” “What do you want him for?” “Why, I want him, and I shall not tell you what for.” “Then I will not tell you where he is.” “You do not know, do you?” “Yes, I do.” “Why, where is he?” “I will tell you, when you tell me what you want him for.” “Nay, do you tell me first where he is.” “No, do you tell me what you want him for.” “Why, for something.” “Well, what is it?” “Why, I want to show him something that is in the yard.” “What is it?”

“A frog.” “Why do you want to show it to him?” “That he may bark at it.” “Why do you wish him to bark at it.” “Because he will frighten it.” “Do you wish him to frighten it?” “Yes.” “For what reason?” “Because it is ugly.” “Oh! John, you naughty boy, how dare you think of such a thing? Suppose now you were a frog, and some naughty boy were to bring a great dog to frighten you; only think how you would feel then; how you would faint and tremble. Oh! John, I never thought you were so cruel. Come and show me where the frog is?” “Why it is gone from the place where I left it. O! here it is, on a stone.” “Why, it is quite a large one, John, and I dare

say it has many young ones at home; and only think, John, if you had killed it, how those poor little frogs would have grieved." "Nonsense, Helen, to talk of frogs grieving; they can not love each other." "Indeed, John, but they do love each other: are they not brothers and sisters? and do not all brothers and sisters love each other?" "Yes; but frogs have not sense as we have." "In some respects, John, they show more sense than we do, for they do not quarrel and fight, as some naughty children do, neither are they cruel to creatures below themselves. I wish, John, instead of bringing Dash to frighten the frog, you would sit down and think in what respect the frog is better

than you, and depend upon it, you will profit by it."

THE SPIDER.

"JOSEPH, my boy, what was that you set your foot npon just now?" "It was only a spider, mamma." "Only a spider! and have you killed it?" "Yes, mamma; it was of no use, and so it might as well be dead as alive." "Had it ever done you any wrong, or given you offence in any way?" "No, mamma, but I did not like to see it creeping about the house, and doing nothing from day to day; I am sure spiders are of no use whatever." "Joseph, I am very sorry, as well as grieved to hear you speak in this manner, I

did not think you were so cruel. How dare you say that any of God's creatures are of no use? Suppose, now, some great man were to take away your life, and to say 'Oh! he was only a little child, he was of no use, therefore he might as well be dead as alive,' would that be right?" "No, mamma; but of what use can a spider be?" "Spiders are very useful, Joseph; for as their food consists wholly of insects, they destroy many creatures, that would not only annoy, but injure us; besides, they themselves are the food of many little birds, which feed upon insects; so that you see they are not useless. I hope, Joseph, I shall not have to reprove you again for killing any thing,

because you think it is of no use : try, my child, to keep in mind these words, ‘God has made nothing in vain.’”

THE STARS.

“MAMMA, what are the stars doing all day, when we do not see them ; do they go into heaven for more light?” “No, my dear, they are shining in the sky all the day, though we do not see them, because of the great light which the sun sheds around us, but when the sun sets we see them again.”

“But, mamma, who keeps on putting light into them ;—do they never go out ?” “It is God, my child, who always keeps them bright ; they are the same now as

when first he filled them with pure light, and bade them shine to the end of time.”

“Are they set in the floor of heaven, mamma.” “They are hung forth in space, my love.” “Does nothing hold them up, that they do not fall, mamma?”

“They are upheld by the great power of God, my dear.” “Does God know how many stars there are, mamma?” “Yes, love, ‘He telleth the number of them, he calleth them all by their names.’”

“How can he count so many, mamma?” “Because there is nothing which he can not do. Do you forget, my dear, the time when your dear brother Alfred was ill, and the surgeon said he could do no more for him; how he lifted his eyes tow-

ard heaven, and said, ‘There is but One who can—my Father who is in heaven!’”

“But, mamma, our Father in heaven did not make him better, although we asked him every day and every hour; did we not, mamma?” “Yes, my love; but it pleased the Lord to take your dear brother to himself.” “And did he make him an angel, mamma?” “Yes, love.” “I think, mamma, the little angels would be very happy when my brother went to dwell with them; he was such a dear, dear Alfred. I often wish he was here again, but he does not come; I can not hear his foot-steps, nor his voice any where. But, I dare say, he loves to be above yonder twinkling stars, better than

to be on earth with us ; and so I will try to be happy, because he is happy ; and I will not wish him back. Oh ! do not weep, dearest mamma, let me kiss away your tears, and I will sing you my evening hymn, and will make you very glad, if you will not weep, mamma. There, I have wiped every tear away, and the smile is come back to your cheek, mamma, and you are sorry no longer ; and I am happy because I have made you glad."

GOD LISTENS TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

"THERE is a little star peeping out of the sky : how it looks at me. I wonder if it can see into my heart." "No ; but I know who can." "Do you, Edwin :

who can ?” “Our Father in heaven, Charley.” “Can he, brother ? Does he know when I think naughty thoughts ?” “Yes, Charley.” “And is he angry with me ?” “He is grieved, my dear ?” “But is he not angry, brother Edwin ?” “My dear, God is like a tender father ; he is all mercy and love. It is said in the Bible—that ‘God is Love.’ So when we are naughty he is grieved.” “Oh ! then, Edwin, I will try to be always good, that I may not grieve my father in heaven : for when persons are grieved by my being naughty, I am so sorry, my heart feels ready to break ; but when they are angry, I do not feel so sorry, because then they are unkind, and tell me they will not love

me : but if God is love, he always loves me ; does he not, brother Edwin ?” “ Yes, Charley, he always loves you.” “ Oh ! then, I will try to be always good, and I will try to think good thoughts, that he may not be grieved ; and then will he let me be his little child, Edwin ?” “ Yes, Charley, his dear little child.” “ But do not think yourself good when you are not, Charley ; for God can look into your heart, you know.” “ How shall I know when I am good, brother Edwin ?” “ My dear, you must never think you are good ; if you do, you will be sure to do wrong ; you must always be trying to become better, and never think you are good enough ; and you must pray to our Father who is

in heaven, and ask him to assist you, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"But do you think, brother Edwin, that he will listen to a little child like me?"

"Yes Charley, I am sure he will." "Oh! then, God is indeed love, brother Edwin, if he will hear my little prayer, while the angels are singing in heaven, and I am so far away from him."

HOW THINGS ARE CHANGED!

"Do you know, Julia, since I have come home from aunt Sarah's, almost every thing seems changed from what it was before." "Indeed, Alfred, how can that be?" "Why, in the first place, the parrot is dead, for which I am very sorry.

O! how pleased the bird used to be in fine summer weather when her cage was hung out in the garden, and I am sure I used to feel as pleased as Poll herself did, when she used to call out, ‘What are you doing!’ when she saw me digging in the garden. And in the next place, my white rabbit has had young ones, which are now grown quite large, and of this I am very glad.”

“Well, Alfred, and what other change has taken place?” “Why you have had a summer-house built in the garden, which I very much admire; and the house has been newly painted, and papa has bought a black pony, with a fine long tail; and, besides all these, the garden is

full of flowers, and when I left home it was white with snow; and the kitten which I left dancing all on one side across the hall, is now a large sober cat, sitting gravely by the fire."

"But do you find any other change? Because, let me tell you, there is yet a better change than any of these?" "Indeed, Julia! what can it be?" "Try if you can not guess, Alfred." "It is not that the swallows are come back, which left our eaves last autumn, is it?" "Oh! no." "Let me see, then, what can it be. Old William has not had a new cottage built, has he?" "No." "O! now I think I know: I believe papa has had some fishes put into the pond, for he said he

would. Now is not that it, Julia?"

"No." "Well, then I can not guess ;

do tell me." "Guess once more, Alfred,

and then if you are not right, I will tell

you." "You have not had a house built

for the robin against winter, have you?"

"Oh! Alfred, what a poor guesser you

are ; well, I suppose I must tell you ;—it

is a little brother who has made this great

change." "A little brother!—O how

happy I shall be ; do take me to see him."

"Here he is, and has been all the time

we have been talking ; but you see he is

asleep." "Oh, Julia, what a pretty baby."

"Yes, Alfred, you will say so when he is

awake, and you see his sweet blue eyes,

and happy smile ; besides, he is such a



HOW THINGS ARE CHANGED!

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dear good little creature, mamma says we ought to love him very dearly, and never look crossly at him, nor be in the least unkind, and that we should be very careful in our conduct, for we are to be his teachers; how very mindful should we be in every look and word, and action, that we teach him no sin. Will you think of this, Alfred?" "Yes, Julia, I will not forget that he is only just come from heaven, and that he is like the angels are, and I will thank God for sending us such a dear baby."

POMPEY THE DOG.

“LET us dress Pompey in old Betty's cap and kerchief, and do you tie your sash round his waist, Clara, and he shall have grandpapa's cocked hat on, and I will make him carry papa's stick in his mouth. Now, be quiet, Pompey, and hold up your head; don't you know how grand you will look when you are dressed? There you are. Now, Clara, make him sit up on his hind legs, while I play a tune on my fife. Now give me one of your paws, Pompey, and Clara, you take hold of the other, and we will make him walk across the floor. Hush! Pompey, you should not cry and bite our hands in this manner

—you shall look at yourself in the glass: let us take him to the long glass, Clara, that he may see himself at full length.”

“O! dear brother, I am sure he is angry, only hear how he growls; let us take him away.” “No, no, stay awhile, he does not know himself, yet, with his fine cocked hat, and muslin border peeping from under it, and his long blue sash tied in those graceful knots.” “Oh! do let us take him away, brother, I am sure he will break the glass—he will never know himself while this figure—There! he has broken the glass, and what must we do? Hark! I hear some one coming up stairs, I believe it is mamma.” “Well, Clara, we must tell the truth, that will be the

best." "O! but if we do, mamma will punish us." "I do not fear that, Clara; I am only sorry that we have been so foolish; but here is mamma." "Children, what is the meaning of all this? Pompey dressed in Betty's best cap, and grandpa's hat, and the long glass broken! what am I to think of all this?" "Oh! dear mamma, we have been very foolish, and are almost afraid you will not forgive us, but if you will, mamma, I will give you all the money I have in my box, to help to pay for the glass, and I am sure Clara will do the same; do forgive us, dear mamma, we are so sorry. Punish us in any way you think proper, mamma, but do forgive us." "I am pleased to hear

you own the truth, and that you have been in fault; and if you feel truly sorry, and promise to be wiser in future, I will forgive you." "Oh! thank you, thank you, dear mamma; we will indeed be more thoughtful for the future, that we may no more grieve you, dearest mamma."

LITTLE WILLY'S LAST DAYS.

BEFORE my little brother Willy died I was so happy. I never felt sad as now I feel, my heart was as light and as gay as a bird's: but now, I can not tell how it is, I never take pleasure in any thing, and the more I try to be cheerful, the more sad do I feel. Oh! he was such a

dear little brother, I never saw him in a naughty temper, or knew him to be unkind. And when he was ill, and could no longer play with me in the green fields, I used to gather the flowers he loved most, and lay them upon his pillow; and when they began to fade, he used to say, taking one of them in his pale hand, "This is like poor little Willy;" and when it was quite dead he would say, "that is gone to sleep, and Willy will soon go too." One day when he was very weak, he said, "Mamma, when will there be no more pain? O! mamma, mamma, do tell me when will there be no more pain?" Then mamma told him that he would soon go to heaven, where there

would be no more pain nor sorrow, nor any thing but peace and joy, and endless love.

Then he went to sleep, and when he awoke, he said, "Dear mamma, I dreamt I was in heaven, and there was no more pain; and I saw Jesus Christ, and bright angels, mamma; and then I felt so happy that I sang all my hymns, for joy that there was no more pain." Soon after this my dear little brother died, and the last words we heard him say, were, "I shall be with my Savior, and there will be no more pain." And now that he is gone to heaven, I try to be very good, that I may go to him who can never return to me. Oh! how often do I take my Bible, and

sit and read it upon that little green hill where we used to play; and when the evening breeze goes gently by, I fancy it is my Willy's voice saying, "It is all joy, and peace, and endless love, and there is no more pain."

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE SHELL.

WHEN I went to visit a friend, the other day, I saw a little girl, who sat on a low seat by the fire-side, and held in her hand a pretty white sea-shell, tinged with pink, which she placed against her ear; and all the while a settled calm rested upon her face, and she seemed as if she was listening to the tones of some loved voice; then taking the shell away from

her ear, she would gaze upon it with a look of deep fondness and pensive delight. At last I said, "What are you doing, my dear?" "I am listening to the whisper," she replied. "What whisper?" I asked. "'The whisper of the sea," she said. Then, after a moment's pause, she added, "My uncle sent me this shell, and with it a letter, in which he said, that if I placed it against my ear, I should hear the whisper of the sea; and he also said, he would soon come to us, and bring me a great many pretty things; and mamma said, when she heard the whisper of the shell, that we should call it uncle Henry's promise. And so it became very precious to me and

I love its sound better than sweet music.”

“And where is uncle Henry now?”

I asked. “He is in heaven now, she replied; “he never came to us, as we hoped he would, for he died far away, and his grave is in the sea; and so now, when I listen to the shell, I fancy that the sea whispers in the same soft manner, above my uncle Henry’s grave. And, sometimes when I listen, I think he whispers to me from heaven, and tells me to be a good child!” I now saw a tear stealing down her cheek, but, wiping it away, she added, “It was not the pretty things he said he would bring, that I wished for, but to see my dear uncle Henry. He never came, nor ever will

come, but I shall see him some day, if I listen to his whisper, which seems to tell me of heaven, and to bid me to be ready to go there."

THE STAG HUNT.

"Did you ever see any deer?" "No, did you?" "Yes, I have a cousin who keeps a great number of them ; he has a nice large park for them to live in, where they are quite happy. I like to see them there, but I should not like to see one hunted." "What! do they ever hunt the stag?" "Oh! yes, poor thing, and it runs as long as it has any strength, and when it can run no longer, its heart breaks, and it falls down and dies. I

wonder how men can be so cruel.”
“But are there any men so cruel as to hunt the stag?” “Yes, what did you suppose them to be?” “Why, dogs, or something of that kind, that have no more sense. I could not for a moment have thought that men would be so wicked: what motive can they have for so doing.” “My dear boy, they think they find pleasure in the chase.” “Pleasure! then, indeed, they do only think so, for I am sure there can be no real pleasure in being cruel. Oh! when will that happy time come, when men will be cruel no more, but will all walk in the footsteps of Jesus Christ.”

ROBERT AND JOHN.

ONE fine May morning, Robert and John put on their caps to go to school, and having kissed their mamma, were soon on their way. Now, they had to pass first through a pleasant lane, with tall elm trees on one side, and a hawthorn hedge on the other; then across two fields, then through a church-yard, and then up a little grove, at the end of which was the school-house. But they had not gone more than half the way down the lane, when John began to loiter behind his brother, looking for snail-shells, and smooth little pebbles, which had been washed clean by the

rain, while Robert walked on, reading his book. At last, John calling after his brother, said, "I do not see what is the use of going to school this fine morning, let us play truant." "No," replied Robert; "I will not take pleasure, for which I know I must suffer afterward." "Nonsense," said John; "I will enjoy myself while I can." "And so will I," replied Robert; "and I shall best enjoy myself by keeping a good conscience, and so I shall go to school." "Very well, Robert, then tell the master that I am ill and can not come," said John. "I shall do no such thing, John," said Robert; "I shall simply tell the truth, if I am asked why you are not with me?" "Then I

say you are very unkind, Robert," said John. "You will not go with me, then?" asked Robert, with a tear in his eye. "I shall go up into this tree," said John; "and so good morning to you, Robert." Poor Robert gave one long look at his brother, heaved a deep sigh, and went on his way. And naughty John sat in the tree and watched him, after he had crossed the stile, walk along the smooth broad path-way that led through the field, then enter the church-yard, and stoop to read a verse on a tomb-stone; then take out his kerchief, and wipe a tear from his eye: after that he disappeared. John sat still in the tree, and said to himself, "Oh! that I were as good as my brother; but

I will go down and follow him." So he came down from the tree, leaped over the stile, ran along the fields, and did not stay to gather one cowslip, though each one made him a golden bow as he passed. And when he went into the school-room, though he was only five minutes later than his brother, he told his master the whole truth, and how naughty he would have been, had it not been for a kind little thought which came into his mind, and bade him try to be as good as his brother.

THE LAMB.

WHEN I was walking out one evening, I saw a flock of sheep and lambs in the field; and as I stood to watch them, I saw a boy stoop down and take from among the flock one little lamb, and he walked across the field with it in his arms: and when he came close to me, I asked him to let me hold it a minute. And he placed it in my arms, and the lamb laid its head against my bosom, and I gazed on its meek face, and wished that I were as pure as that lamb, that I might belong to the fold of Christ. And I placed the lamb again in the arms of the boy, and went away, praying that

the good Shepherd would make me pure in heart, and receive me as one of his lambs, and at last take me to his peaceful fold in heaven.

JESSE.

“WHERE do you live, little boy?” “In yonder white cottage, sir.” “Have you a father and mother?” “Yes sir.” “And have you any brothers and sisters?” “We have Annie and Jesse, and the baby.” “And what do you all do?” “My father takes care of these sheep, sir, and I help him, and so does Keeper; my mother spins and knits; and Annie cleans the house, and nurses the baby.” “And what does Jesse do?” “O! sir,

Jesse does nothing ; she has been ill ever since she was two years old ?”

“And how old is she now ?” “She is almost three now, sir.”

“And which do you love the most, Annie, or Jesse, or the baby ?”

“I love Jesse the best, sir ; because she is so quiet, and never complains, though she suffers a great deal of pain.”

“And what do you do for this dear little child ?”

“I can do nothing, sir, but gather flowers, of which she is very fond, and sing to her.”

“And what do you sing ?”

“In the morning I sing,

‘My God who makes his sun to know ;’

And in the evening I sing,

‘And now another day is gone.’”

“Do you think she will ever get better?” “No sir; I believe not.” “And where will she be taken when she dies, do you think?” “To heaven, sir.” “And what shall you do when your dear little sister is gone away?” “I shall sit on this green hill, sir, with my father’s flock, and look upward to the blue sky, and be happy to think that dear Jesse is there.” “But will you not be sorry to part from her?” “I shall miss her blue eyes, sir, and her golden hair, and the sweet smile with which she always welcomes me home; but still I shall be glad to know that she is at rest, for she grows paler and weaker every day; and when I think of the pain she suffers, my heart

sometimes grows so heavy that I can scarcely bear it : then I lay my head on some sleeping lamb, and weep ; and then I kneel down and pray to God that he may bless my dear little sister, and comfort my heart when she is gone away to the land of the blessed.” “ And so he will, my dear child ; for they that mourn shall surely find comfort.”

THE LITTLE PLANT THAT GREW IN A DEEP
VALLEY.

“ Who will tell us a tale ?” “ I will : what shall it be about ?” “ Not about Jack the Giant Killer, nor Tom Thumb, nor Puss in Boots ; but some little story that we shall love to think of after it is

told." "Well, then, I will tell you about a little plant that once grew in a deep valley :—

"Now, it was a very humble little plant, and always kept in the shade, and never envied the gayer plants, which dwelt always in the sun-shine, though it heard many a passer-by praising their beauty, while it grew unseen in the shade. At last there came a little white bud on this darling plant, that soon burst into a lovely flower, whose fragrance filled the air ; and when the more gaudy though scentless flowers beheld the simple white blossom, they looked down upon it with contempt, and tossed their

proud heads in the breeze, and said among themselves, ‘ That silly white blossom has chosen to dwell in the shade, and there it must remain ; for surely no one will observe it, while we who are so much more gay and bright, dwell always in the sun-light.

“ Very soon afterward there came a person into this valley, to look among the flowers ; and he passed by all the brightest and most gaudy ones, and went on till he came to the simple white blossom : and when he beheld it growing so humbly, and yet so sweetly, he took it into his bosom, and carried it away to his own fair garden, and planted it in the fairest and most lovely spot ; and he said

unto it, 'Because thou wast meek and lowly, I will exalt thee above the lofty and the vain, and thou shalt dwell in my garden for ever and ever : ' then he poured upon it the Water of Life, so that it should never fade ; and the simple white blossom became equal to the fairest flower of the garden ; for they were all alike precious in the sight of him who owned them, and he loved them all with the same great love.

“ Now, this is the end of my story ; but let me tell you, that this simple white blossom is like a good little child, dwelling not in the sun-shine of pride and self-conceit, but in the calm shade of

meekness, in the deep valley of submission. Such a little one will the Lord of Heaven behold and love, and will say of it,—‘Suffer it to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!’ ”

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE IMAGE.

“MAMMA, may I buy an image?”
“What would you do with it?” “I should let it stand on the side-board, mamma.” “Yes, love; but of what use would it be?” “Of no use, mamma, but to look at.” “Then I think, Charles, you might spend your money in a more useful manner, might you not?”
“I do not know, mamma; I think not.”
“Perhaps you have some reason unknown

to me for wishing to buy an image,—
have you, my dear?” “Why, mamma,
it is not the image I want so much, but
I know a little boy who would like to
sell me one.” “Why would he like to
sell you one, my dear?” “Because,
mamma, his father is ill, and they are
very poor.” “Is it an image his father
has made that he wishes to sell to you?”
“No, mamma, he makes them himself
at night when he should be asleep in bed,
and tries to sell them in the day-time.”
“Are you sure this is true, Charles?”
“Yes, mamma.” “How do you know it?”
“I hope you will not be angry, mamma,
when I tell you that I have been home
with the little boy and have seen his



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father.” “How came you to go home with him, Charles?” “I met him one day when I was coming from school, mamma, and he asked me to buy an image of him, and told me how poor they were, and how ill his father was; and I asked him to take me to see his father, and said I would buy an image if you would allow me.” “Very well, Charles, I am now quite willing that you should buy an image if you really wish to have one; but do you not think it would be better to give the poor boy some money, and let him sell the image to some one else?” “Yes, mamma, I will do so if you please, but he has made one on purpose for me.” “O! he has made one on pur-

pose, has he ? And what is the subject ?”
“ It is William Tell in the act of shooting the apple from off his child’s head.” “ I dare say it is very handsome, Charles ; and what is the price of it ?” “ Five shillings, mamma, and I do not think it dear.” “ Well, my dear, I will allow you to give the five shillings to the little boy, but the image I think you can do without, and he will be sure to sell it to some one else very shortly, and that will be much better for him than if you take it for your money.” “ Thank you, mamma ; may I go now ?” “ Yes, Charles, and when you come back let me know how the poor man is.” “ I will, mamma.”

“ Well, Charles, have you seen the lit-

tle boy ?” “No, mamma, he was not at home : but I saw his father, and gave him the money.” “And did he seem thankful for it ?” “Oh ! yes, mamma, I never saw any one more so ; he could scarcely speak for joy. All he could say was, that God would reward me.” “And so he will, my dear child ; and do not you feel more glad now than if you had taken the image for the money ?” “Yes, mamma, I think I do, though I really should have liked to have had it ; but still I am pleased to think the poor boy will get five shillings more for it.” “Yes, my dear child ; but come with me, my dear, I have something to show you.”

“Ah ! mamma, that is the very image ;

how did it come here?" "I sent for it, Charles, while you were putting on your cloak and cap to go out." "Oh! mamma, how very kind it was of you to let me have the pleasure of giving the money to the poor man and of having the image too."

THE LITTLE BIRD'S TALE.

"For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."—ECCLES. x. 20.

My mother used sometimes to say to me, when I was going away from her for a little while, "Now I hope you will be a good child, lest some little bird should have a tale to tell me of you." Now, these simple words often had a strong

power over my mind, and kept me many a time from doing wrong ! for I so dearly loved my mother, that I could not bear the thought of grieving her ; and so when absent from her side, unseen by her kind eye, when I did not hear her gentle voice, though I was often tempted to do wrong, I used to think that some little bird would be sure to whisper it to my mother ; and so I withstood the evil.

Now let me tell you a story respecting these words that my mother use to repeat to me.

It was a fine spring morning, when a certain little girl was neatly dressed by her maid, who said as she turned her golden tresses over her fingers, “ You are

to go to Louisa Russel's party to day." The little girl hastened to her mamma's parlor for a kiss and blessing, ere she went to the house of her friend.

"Now, my dear," said her mamma, "you know there is a river in Mr. Russel's park, and pleasure boats upon it, and very likely you will be asked to go on the water, but I hope you will not go ; many may try to persuade you, but do not yield to their request, if they are ever so earnest." "No, mamma, I will not go if you do not wish it," said the child. Then the mother kissed the rosy lips of her darling, and as she went out of the room, she said, "Now, my love, I hope you will be a good child, lest some little bird should

come and tell me." The day was nearly spent, when a little party of light-hearted children seated themselves in a pleasure boat; and among them was the child who had given a promise to her mamma that she would not go on the water; but the white sails floated on the breeze, the waves sparkled in the sun-shine, and all things looked so lovely, and every child so happy, that the little girl did not refuse when her friends asked her to go. And, truly, a pleasant journey had they all except the child who had broken her promise. The night proved wet, and this little girl, along with some others, stayed at her friend's house until the morning, when she turned homeward: and she

passed through the same flower-strewn fields through which she had walked on the previous day : the same bright sun cast his golden light across her path—the same little stream laughed as she tripped over the small wooden bridge placed above it—but the heart of the child felt not the same pure joy that it felt before. No, her conscience was not clear ; and as she drew nearer home she began to wonder how she must speak to her mamma. At last she said to herself, “ I must deny the truth, I can not tell mamma how naughty I have been ; she would be so much grieved.” At the same moment a lark sprang up at her feet, and as it soared toward the cloudless sky, it sang its

morning psalm. Then did the little girl think of her mamma's words, that if she were naughty, some little bird might whisper it to her; and she grew more and more sad.

“Well, my dear, I hope you have been good,” said the little girl's mamma, kissing her sunny brow. “Yes, mamma,” she replied, with downcast eyes. “Then you are happy,” said her mamma, with a kind smile. “Yes,” replied the child, with a pale cheek, fearing that her mamma would read the truth in her changing face. But the day wore away, and the curtain of darkness came over the sky, and the stars of heaven came forth, one by one, and the child lay down to sleep.

But fearful visions arose in her slumbers. And now she saw a great book, and her name written therein ; and there was also a word written beside her name, the word “ FALSEHOOD ; ”—and a bright light shone upon the book, and many names were therein, and the child saw that every one was stainless except her own. And again, she saw a clear bright river flowing ; and myriads of glorious beings walked upon its golden shore, gathering the never-dying flowers which grew thereon ; and she tried to join those holy spirits, that she might pluck those beautiful flowers, and drink of that crystal water. But something held her back, and would not let her go. Then she heard a

little voice in her heart saying, "Thou mayest not drink of the river of the water of life, while yet thou hast a stain of sin upon thy soul; repent and thou shalt find mercy." And again, she saw an open gate, and little children all clothed in white going in thereat; then she arose, and would have gone in also; but one stood within the gates whose raiment was like unto the silvery clouds which on pure evenings float around the moon; and he said unto her, "Where is thy stainless robe? without which thou canst not appear in this place." Then he closed the gate, and she was left in utter darkness. The child awoke, and it was the sabbath-day; and she went out among

the flowers, and the green grass, and the cool breezes and the pure sunshine, and she tried to forget her dream; but she could not as usual converse with the simple blossoms, nor sing with the joyous birds, so she seated herself under a large tree, where she was soon joined by her mamma. "What is the matter with my darling, this morning? she kindly asked. "Nothing, mamma," replied the child; 'except that I have had a fearful dream.' "What did you dream, my dear?" asked her mamma.

"I dreamed the gates of heaven were closed against me for ever, mamma," she replied. Then the little girl's mamma took her upon her knees, and talked to

her for some time, in a very sweet manner ; and when she had ceased, she said, by way of cheering the child's heart, as she pointed to a distant part of the heavens, "Do you hear that lark singing, my darling ?" "Yes, mamma," she replied. "Do you know what it says, my love," asked her mamma. Then the fullness of the child's grief burst forth into tears, and clasping her arms fast round her mamma's neck, she told in faltering words how she had been untrue to her promise.

Why, my little children, was the heart of the child touched ? Because it seemed to her as if the bird was telling her mother how naughty she had been.

But whether little birds can whisper to our parents or not, it is not right in us to do any thing unknown to them, that would displease or grieve them if they knew it: Is there not one who knoweth all things? One pure eye that watcheth over the whole world, from which nothing can be hidden? Truly there is: let us then be careful in every word and deed, lest when we come to be weighed in the balance, we should be found wanting.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT LITTLE ROBERT.

“JANE, can you tell me something more about little Robert? for, do you know, ever since that day when you told

me about the spider, I have thought of scarcely any thing but that dear child."

"Oh! yes, Helen, I can tell you a great deal more about him, for my mind is full of his little sayings, and I love them so much that I treasure every one of them in my heart. Well, I will tell you about him when he was ill of the scarlet fever, and all his playmates forsook him, for they were afraid of catching the fever; but I begged so much of mamma to let me go, that she complied with my earnest request, for she knew that I was in the hands of the Lord; and that if it pleased him to afflict me, it would be for the best. And so I went; and on my way I plucked many lovely flowers, and twining

them about with a little piece of green riband, I took them to my darling. When I went into his chamber, he was asleep. Oh! what a cherub he looked! one dimpled hand was laid on the coverlet, while upon the other rested his crimson cheek, and the curls of his bright golden hair fell upon his pillow.

“While he slept, I busied myself in making a kind of garden of his little bed, placing my flowers as prettily as I could, that they might meet his eye in their greatest beauty when he awoke.

“At length he opened his eyes, and first he looked at the flowers, and then at me; and though for some minutes he did not speak, I knew how glad he felt

by the blessed smile which came and rested upon his face. At last I said, 'Are you better, dearest?' 'No,' he replied; 'but I am waiting to be better.' 'What do you mean, my dear?' I asked. 'Why,' he replied, 'mamma told me to wait with patience, and God would make me better.' Well, after many painful days and nights, God did make my Robert better; and the hue of health came back to his cheek, and strength to his feet, and lustre to his eye, and I was the first to lead him out among the flowers. Now, as you are fond of hearing his little sayings, I will tell you of a very sweet one. It was in the spring season, and I took him into a little wood at a

short distance from his mamma's house ; and while walking there he gave my hand a sudden pressure, saying, 'Hark !' 'To what, my love ?' I asked. 'To that little lark ; do you not hear it singing ?' he said. After pausing a moment, I replied, 'Yes,' All the time it was singing, Robert kept his lovely eyes fixed on that part of the heavens whence the song seemed to proceed ; and when it had ceased, he said, 'I think the lark loves God more than any other bird does.' 'Why do you think so, dearest ?' 'Because,' he replied, 'it always goes up to heaven to sing to him.' 'Oh ! Helen, those precious words went into my heart, and I began to think how little I loved

the Lord, and how seldom my soul went up to heaven to thank him for his tender mercies ; and every morning that little saying comes fresh into my mind, like a blessed teacher, telling my soul to arise to heaven, in prayer and praise to its Maker.' 'Oh ! Jane, what a darling Robert is ! I never knew such a precious child !'"

THE STORY OF A LITTLE LAMB.

It was on a soft morning in May, when a certain little lamb was called from sleep by the tinkling of the sheep-bell. Slowly he raised his head, still keeping his forefeet bent under his bosom, and looked with a sleepy eye after his

mother, who had just trotted away from his side. Again the bell sounded, and the pretty little lamb rose upon his feet, and was soon leaping by his mother's side. Now, the field in which these sheep dwelt was a place of great beauty; the verdant hill, the sparkling streamlet, the shady tree, the green pasture, were all there: it seemed a quiet fold apart from the rest of the world—a pleasant place on purpose for that happy little flock. Now, the little lamb of which I have been speaking, was the darling of the flock: no other had so white a fleece, so mild an eye, so gentle a nature. One day as this little lamb was playing by himself, at a short distance from the fold,

he was espied by an eagle, who no sooner beheld him than he darted down, and seizing him in his talons, bore him far away from the little flock. O! it was sad to see the sheep look after their darling lamb; and the poor little lamb once caught the distant tinkling of the sweet bell it had so loved to follow. Now, as the eagle was flying over a valley, an archer shot an arrow which went into its heart, and it fell with the lamb at the archer's feet. Then, the archer took the lamb home to his child and bade him take care of the poor little creature. Now, the child had a tender heart, and he took the lamb, and bathed its wounds, and washed the blood from its snowy fleece,

and wept. But the lamb began to revive, and the child was glad; and he took a silken cord, and placed it about his neck, and led the lamb about with him wherever he went; and in the joy of his heart he thought the lamb must be as happy as himself. But it pined for the loss of its mother's love, and the peace it had known amid the happy little flock in the far-off fold. One summer day, the child being weary with long rambling fell asleep on a bank of flowers, still holding the silken cord tightly in his hand; but looser and looser it became, till it slipped away from his grasp, and the little lamb fled away from his side for ever.

Onward and onward went the lamb,

not knowing whither. After a time it began to rain, and the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed. The poor little lamb trembled: but when the thunder was not heard for a moment he forgot his sorrows, and stopped to nibble a daisy; then startled by a sudden flash, he looked up in terror, and was again driven onward by the loud pealing thunder. On he went, over a wide common, till he came to the foot of a steep hill, which, with weary feet, he climbed: but when he had gained the summit, weak and trembling, he laid down to die; his eyes became dim, and his heart beat faintly in his bosom; but the thought of his mother and the peaceful fold, the sweet flowers,

and all things he had loved in the first happy moments of his little life, were present to his eye; and the poor lamb closed his eyes in sorrow.

But as his heart grew more faint, he was startled by the tinkling of a distant bell; and slowly raising his head, he beheld his own little flock in their own happy fold; and new life awoke in his heart, and new light shone from his eye, and new strength came to his feet, and in a moment more the lost lamb was by his mother's side, telling how he had been called back to life by the tinkling of that sweet sheep-bell.

LITTLE CHARLEY.

CHARLEY is a very little boy, he is not quite two years old, he can but just reach to look upon the table. Charley often wants to play with things which it is not proper for him to have, such as books, knives, and sometimes cups and saucers ; but his sister Sarah, who mostly has the care of him, and who is a good and kind little girl, does not stamp with her foot upon the floor, nor shake her head and say, in a loud voice, “ Put that down this minute, you naughty boy ?” but she looks pleasantly, and says, very mildly, “ Charley must not have that book, it is papa’s ;” or, “ Do not touch mamma’s

pretty cups and saucers ;” or, “ Charley will hurt himself with that knife, let me go and see what else we can find to amuse him.”

Sarah has a little garden of her own, wherein are many choice plants, and she is very careful to keep it free from weeds, and to pick out the pebbles from among the mould, and to keep the old black hen from scratching it with her claws. But when she hears the sound of her little brother's feet as he comes trotting along the gravel walk, she always feels glad ; and if he happens to put his foot upon her flower-border, she does not frown or speak harshly to him, but mildly tells him to walk on the gravel.

Sometimes Charley will catch a bright-winged moth and press its wings between his fingers. Then Sarah takes hold of his hands very gently, and says, "Let us see the moth spread its pretty wings." Then his hands are in a moment wide open, and he laughs and is full of glee to see the pretty moth fly away and enjoy itself. Is not Sarah a dear, kind sister to Charley?

BLACK-BERRIES.

Do you ever go on fine autumn days to gather the black-berries which grow in the hedges? Ah! I do not forget how, when I was a child, we used to go to the fields and lanes to gather black-berries.

And we had a dog named Tasso, that we used to take along with us, and he was as happy as we were. Oh ! the pleasant lanes and the green fields through which we used to pass, and the bright blackberries my father used to reach down to us, and the bright blue sky which beamed over us. Many years have passed since that sweet time, and I am no longer a child, but I look back to those days, and they seem bright and clear as summer sunshine ; and the soft sweet light of my childhood shines again upon my heart, and again I see those green fields, and flowery lanes, and the blue sky stretching out above us : but most of all, I see the sweet smiles, and hear the happy voices, of

them that were about me ; and I say in my heart, O! happy days of childhood, how blessed is your memory !

My little children, those golden days are now yours, and your path is a path of flowers, and your sky is a sky of light. Oh! while yet the cares of life, and the sins of the world have not cast their dark shadows across your way, give your hearts to Him who made the sun to shine, and the flowers to grow ; who spread the mighty waters, and raised the lofty hills ; for in him you live, and move, and have your being : every good and perfect gift cometh from his hand ; and there is not a blessing you enjoy of which he is not the author. Oh! then, give these

best moments of your life to Him, who is alone worthy of the heart's best service.

THE SABBATH.

It is the Sabbath : what a sweet name Sabbath is : it is just like the day—all rest and peace. When I was a child I used to love the Sabbath, and it seemed to me like a moment of heaven. The people went in vast numbers to the house of God in company, and joined in singing his praises. The merry laugh of the children at play was not heard in the streets, for the quiet of the Sabbath was there ; the voice of the streamlet was heard in softer murmurs ; and the songs of the birds sounded sweeter in the groves ;

and the gentle breeze as it passed over the flowers, in the lanes and fields, seemed like a whisper of peace sent down from the land of the blessed. On those divine days I used to feel so clean and quiet, and my heart felt better, and my spirit more pure; and I used to go with my father and mother, and sisters, to the house of God, to hear of his great love to us, and to learn to love him more. I did indeed love the Sabbath; I was always glad when it came, and always sorry when it went.

THE DYING CHILD.

THE sable shades of night closed in upon the earth, and the sky was dark and starless; and the lamp burnt dimly and faintly in a chamber where a little child was dying. His clasped hands rested on his bosom, and his little lips moved in still prayer. The long night passed away, and the golden beams of morning burst in at the casement and rested on the pillow of the dying child; and when he beheld the sudden burst of light, he thought in the pureness of his heart, that the gates of heaven were thrown wide open to receive him, and he said, "Now, dearest mother, I may go, for heaven's



THE DYING CHILD.

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holy gates are open for me !” And so his spirit passed like a dove freed from its prison-house ; and in that pure morning he went away, beyond the bright sun, to that happy country whose gates are not shut at all by day, and where there is no night.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

“ Who taps at the door ? ” “ I, mamma. I want to speak to you. ” “ Who is I ? ” “ Alfred, mamma ; may I come in ? ” “ Yes, dear ; and now what have you to tell me ? ” “ Why, mamma, I have found a little nest in the garden wall. ” “ A nest ! What kind of a nest, Alfred ? ” “ A bird’s nest, mamma ; and there are

eggs in it." "How many eggs, dearest?" "Five, mamma." "And what color are they?" "They are almost white, with little tiny red streaks upon them." "And was there a bird in the nest, dear?" "No, mamma; that is the very thing I am come to talk to you about; because I want you to tell me what kind of bird you think the nest belongs to." "Why, Alfred, I should not wonder if it belongs to your pet robin-redbreast!" "Oh! mamma, do you think that it does? and will there soon be young robins?" "Very likely there will be, my love." "Oh! then I shall be glad; for we shall have, let me see, how many robins in the garden?—two old ones and five young

ones, that will be seven. Then what a great many crumbs of bread I shall have to throw to them; and I should think they will eat all the worms and insects in the garden. Oh! how glad I shall be to see seven robins all hopping and chirping about the window. I shall run now and see if the young ones are coming out of the eggs."

THE PLUM-CAKE AND THE PEACH.

"I've got something! I've got something!" "What have you got, Edwin?" "Why, something; and I shall not let you look at it." "And so have I got something, Edwin, which I am going to show to you, and will also give you a part

of it." "Oh! then, Annie, I will show you what I have got, and I will give you a part of mine. What is it that you have, Annie?" "A little cake with plums in it, and you shall have half of it." "Oh! then, Annie, I shall give you half of my peach, and so let us sit down and feast."

See, my little children, how wisely Annie acted by speaking kindly to her brother; for by so doing she turned away his selfish temper, and made him feel how good it is for children to dwell together in love!

THE BALL.

"WHAT are you making, mamma?"
'A ball for you, Arthur.'" "What will

it be made of, mamma!" "It will be made of cork, Indian-rubber, cotton, and worsted." "Where does cork come from, mamma?" "It comes from Italy and Spain." "What is cork, mamma?" "It is the bark of the cork-tree." "And what is Indian-rubber, mamma?" "It is a kind of gum, which runs out of a tree bearing the same name, and is a native of South America." "And what is cotton, mamma?" "It is the produce of the cotton-tree, which grows in the West Indies." "And what is worsted, mamma?" "Worsted is made from wool, which is taken from the backs of sheep, which live in England, as you know, Arthur." "But, mamma, sheep are not

red, and blue, and yellow, and purple, like that worsted!" "No, my love, the wool has been died these various colors." "What must I give you for making that nice ball, mamma?" "You must give me a kiss, my dear, and tell me from how many countries the various articles used in making the ball are obtained." "Let me see; I will count, mamma:—cork, from Spain, one; Indian-rubber, from South America, two; cotton, from the West Indies, three; and worsted, which we obtain in England; four, mamma." "Yes, Arthur, that is quite correct; and now your ball is ready." "Thank you, dear mamma: now I will give you a kiss."

THE BRICKS AND THE SLATE.

“WHAT are those men and boys doing?” “They are making bricks. Bricks are made of clay which is found in the earth.” “How do they make bricks hard?” “By baking them.” “Do they make stones in that way?” “No, men do not make stones; they are found in quarries, in the ground.” “And what is mortar made of?” “Mortar is made of lime and sand mixed with water.” “For what purpose is it used?” “It is used to cement bricks or stones, when used in building houses or walls.”

“What must I do, mamma? I am tired of drawing.” “Well, Charles, here

is your slate, pencil, and sponge, give me some account of each of them : tell me whence we obtain slate, sponge, and wood, such as the frame of your slate is made of." "Slate is a sort of stone, and is found in quarries, is it not, mamma ?"

"Yes, my dear ; and for what purpose is it used, besides making slates to write upon, and pencils to write with ?" "It is used for roofing of houses, mamma.

Did you ever see a slate quarry ?" "Yes, Charles, I have seen one in Westmoreland. What kind of wood is the frame of your slate, Charles ?" "It is deal I believe, mamma." "From what countries do we get deal ?" "From Norway and Denmark ; it is the wood of the fir-

tree, that grows in those countries.” “Whence have we sponge?” “From the rocks in the sea, mamma.” “What is the nature of sponge?” “It is soft and porous, and is thought to be the abode of insects.” “Very well, Charles, that will do for this time.”

THE WHITE RABBIT.

· OH! Susan, I have got such a darling white rabbit as I think you never saw. I do believe it is the sweetest little rabbit in the world; for I have only had it given to me this morning, and yet it will eat clover from my hand, and let me stroke it, or do anything I please;—and the gardener says that he will make a house

for it, which his son Thomas will paint. Papa says, that I am to call my rabbit Snow-drop ; and mamma says, that its eyes are like rubies ; and so do come and look at it, Susan, and you will say as I do, that it is the sweetest little rabbit in the world.

TEACHING FREDDY TO WALK.

Look, papa, we are teaching Freddy to walk ; and the dear little fellow is very much pleased. See how nicely he places one foot before the other. He wants to go to you, papa—he is holding out his arms that you may take him. Now, papa, please to be the pony and gallop away with Freddy, and Maria and I will run

by your side to take care of him.” “Very well,—then away we go.”

THE ROBINS.

“ The north winds do blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then, poor thing ?
He will go to the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And put his head under his wing, poor thing.”

Thus sang little Emily, as she sat one bleak morning looking out from her mamma's window, watching the faded leaves dance along before the wind. Do you not know how she felt, little children, as she sat that morning, in a snug parlor, with her high-backed chair placed close against the window, listening to the

whistling of the winds, and looking now and then, toward the cold dark sky? I am sure I know just how she felt, as she sang those simple words about the robin, for I have often felt in the same manner myself. Emily was a tender-hearted child, and she loved the robin red-breast very dearly: indeed there was not any thing which she did not love; for she often said to her mamma, "Every thing belongs to God; therefore I ought to love every thing." And so I believe she did. On that morning after she had been singing her little song, she said, "Dear mamma, I wish I could find all the robin red-breasts in England, that I might keep them in my chamber through

the winter season, until the bright spring days return. Then, mamma, I would throw open the windows, and watch the happy little creatures spread their wings, and go out into the bright world again ?” Was not Emily a kind little girl ?

THE CHAIRS—THE WINDOWS.

“ WILLIAM, my dear, come and let mamma ask you a few questions. What is this chair made of ?” “ It is made of wood, mamma.” “ What kind of wood ?” “ Rosewood.” “ Where does rosewood come from ?” “ I don’t know, mamma.” “ It comes from the West Indies, my dear ; it is the wood of a tree. What is this table made of, William ?” “ It is made

of oak, mamma." "You know where the oak grows, do you not, love?" "Yes, mamma, it grows in England." "What is the window made of?" "It is made of glass." "And what is glass made of?" "It is made of sand or flint, and soda." "Right, my dear: and what is the carpet made of?" "It is made of wool, mamma." "What is wool?" "It is the fleece of sheep, mamma." "And what is the fender made of?" "It is made of brass." "What is brass?" "It is a compound metal, made of copper and a substance called calamine, which consists chiefly of a white metal called zinc." "And what is the mantel-piece made of?" "It is made of marble." "What

is marble ?” “It is a lime-stone.” “What place is famous for marble ?” “Some part of Devonshire.” “And what is the window blind made of ?” “It is made of linen.” “What is linen made of ?” “It is made of the fibres of the stalks of the flax-plant.” “Very well, William, these questions have been very nicely answered ; now you may go and put on your cap, and I will take you with me to see a fine tulip show.”

LUCY AND ROBERT.

LUCY's aunt gave her a pretty new chair made of rosewood, and it had rockers ; and a cushion of crimson velvet was in it, for Lucy to sit upon. Now, Lucy

had a little brother named **Robert**, and he was two years old; and **Lucy** was so unkind as not to let the dear little fellow sit in the chair; for she said that if he once sat in it, he would always be wanting to sit there, and that would be sure to spoil it: and so she would not let him sit in it at all. Well **Robert's** aunt gave him a pretty little carriage, painted green, with two nice soft seats in it: and one morning **Betsy**, the nurse-maid, took him out for a ride. And when **Lucy** saw the carriage standing at the door, and heard little **Robert** laughing and clapping his hands, for joy at the thought of the ride, she said to her mamma, “Please, mamma, may I have a ride with brother **Rob-**

ert?" "No, my dear Lucy," said her mamma," "I can not permit you to ride with your brother, until you learn to do to him as you would wish him to do to you : you know, my dear child, that you have not acted in a proper manner toward him, with respect to your chair ; your brother is a little child, three years younger than yourself, and your actions and conduct ought to afford a good example to this dear little one ; but, instead of that, you would teach him to be selfish and unkind." Just then, Betsy lifted little Robert into the carriage, and it went away down the smooth gravel-walk, and out into the pleasant green fields. And Lucy turned away from the win-

dow, grieved in spirit, and full of sorrow ; and sitting down in her pretty chair, she began to think how naughty she had been. Now, the velvet cushion did not feel so soft as it had felt before, neither did the rockers move so lightly as usual ; and Lucy knew not what to do. Oh ! how did she long for her brother's return, that she might begin to behave more kindly to him.

As soon as little Robert came home again, he ran into the parlor where Lucy was, and filled her lap with flowers, and began telling her, as plainly as he could speak, of the pleasant ride he had had, of the many little birds he had heard singing, and of the pretty little fishes he

had seen in the pond. Then Lucy gave him a kiss, and lifted him into her new chair, and told him he might sit in it whenever he pleased. And when he began rocking himself, and Lucy heard him laugh, and saw him so glad, she felt a great deal more pleasure than she had ever felt when sitting in it herself: and she hoped in her heart that she should be naughty and selfish no more.

The next day Lucy's mamma said to her, "My dear Lucy, you may take a ride with Robert in his carriage this morning, for I see that you intend to be a better child in future."

And so Lucy and Robert had a very pleasant ride, and on their way they call-

ed upon their aunt, who was very glad to see them, and gave them each a piece of plum-cake.

And Lucy's aunt asked her how she liked her new chair, and she said that she liked it very much ; but she did not omit to tell her how selfish and unkind she had been toward her dear little brother : but that now she was sorry for her conduct, and hoped to become a better child. And then her aunt gave her a little kind advice, and kissed her and Robert, and they went home quite happy and delighted.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WANTED TO HEAR
ABOUT GOD.

A VERY little boy said one day, as he climbed upon his sister's knee, "Tell me a tale, sister." "What! tell you a tale, Edwy," she said, "such a tiny boy as you, what do you think I could tell to such a little child?" "Tell me about great God, sister," he replied; "tell me about his making flowers, and birds, and lambs, and horses, and water, and trees, and all this great world for Edwy to live in. And tell me about his making the stars, and moon, and sun, and blue sky." And so his sister, who loved him very dearly, though she knew that he had heard about the creation a great many times, took him

fondly in her arms, and told him what he wished to know ; and the little child heard her and was glad, because he loved to hear about the great God : and because he also knew that his sister wished to please him.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

“ MAMMA has got a famous large apple, which she will give to any one of us who can tell her which is the highest mountain in Britain. Come Fanny, do you try to tell first.” “ Is it Mont Blanc, mamma ?” “ No, my love, Mont Blanc is the highest mountain in Europe ; but I want you to tell me which is the highest in Britain. Now, Maria, it is your turn to try ; can you tell, love ?” “ It is Mount

Athos, mamma?" "No, love; Mount Athos is in Turkey in Europe." "Can Emily tell, mamma?" "I think it is Ben something, mamma. Is it Ben More?" "No, Emily; Ben More is in Britain, but it is not the highest." "Well, mamma, what dunces we are; Cousin George will out-do us, I believe: can you tell, Cousin George?" "Yes; I believe the highest mountain in Britain is Ben Nevis, which rises four thousand three hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea." "Right, George; the apple is yours." "Thank you, aunt; now I will divide it among my cousins and myself."

THOMAS, THE OBSTINATE BOY.

“THOMAS, my dear! come and say your lesson,” said his mamma. “I do not like to say my lesson, mamma,” said Thomas. “O, but you must, my dear,” said his mamma; “come, spell that word.” “I can not spell it, mamma,” said Thomas. “You can try, my dear,” said his mamma; “what is that letter?” pointing to the letter C. “I do not know, mamma,” said Thomas. “It is C, Thomas,” said his mamma, “and you see the two next ones are A and T. What does C A T spell?” “I don’t know, mamma,” said Thomas. “Say Cat, Thomas,” said his mamma. “I can not mamma,” said the

naughty child, between a laugh and a cry. Thomas's mamma then tied a kerchief over his eyes, and placed him on a very high stool in the midst of the room. Now this was to Thomas the greatest trial he could have had; for while he could see the pictures, and the carpet, and the chairs and tables, or count the shells and fossils on the mantel-piece, he would amuse himself, even though his mamma was angry with him; but now it was all dark, and he was obliged to sit quite still lest he should fall off the high stool on which he was placed. In about ten minutes Thomas's mamma asked,—“Will you tell me what C A T spells?” being quite sure that he knew. “I can

not mamma," said Thomas. "Mamma!" said little Mary, running quickly into the room, "Aunt Betsy has sent to invite you to tea this evening; can you go?" "Yes, my dear," said her mamma, "and as you have been a good girl to-day, I shall take you with me." "Oh! thank you, dear mamma," said Mary, "I will go and ask Eliza to put on my pelisse." "Mamma," said Thomas, just as his mamma was leaving the room, "I know what C A T spells." "Yes, Thomas, I know you do," said his mamma, "and you knew it when I asked you at first." "I was not sure that it spelt Cat, mamma," said Thomas. "Then why did you not say that you thought it was Cat?" said his mamma:

“you know, my dear, that I am always pleased to answer a question, if it be a proper one.” “May I say the rest of my lesson now, mamma?” asked Thomas. “You may say it to cousin Harriet,” replied his mamma,—“I can not stay to hear you now, I am going to see your aunt.” “And shall not I go too, mamma?” asked Thomas. “No, my dear,” said his mamma, “I can not think of taking you to-day, seeing that you have been so naughty.” “Oh! do mamma,” said Thomas, bursting into tears, “and the next time I will say Cat as soon as as you show it me.” “Yes, Thomas, in future I hope you will say your lessons in a better manner,” said his mamma;

“but I can not now reward you for what you have not done.” And so Thomas’s mamma closed the door and left him alone. Thomas now wept long and sadly, as he thought of the pleasant evening his mamma and sister Mary would spend with Aunt Betsy, and how by his own naughty conduct he had kept himself at home ; then, wiping away his tears, he said with a sigh, “ Oh ! that I had but said Cat as soon as I was asked, and then mamma would have kissed me as she kissed Mary ; and would have said, ‘ My dear, you may go with me ;’ but I will never be so naughty again.”

The next day Thomas said his lesson very well, after which his mamma took

him a pleasant walk ; and he made up his mind, as he ran among the flowers and the green grass, that he would never be naughty any more, because it was so pleasant to be good.

SPARROWS.

“ IF I had a gun I would shoot that sparrow which is in the garden.” “ Why would you shoot it, James ?” “ Because I do not like sparrows.” “ Why do you not ?” “ Because they are such ugly, common birds.” “ For shame, James, how can you say so ?” “ Why, they are nasty, greedy, fighting things : they eat up every thing that comes before them, and quarrel with each other for the last

morsel ; therefore I don't like sparrows at all." "James, you are always finding fault with something, or somebody ; and yet who is more faulty than yourself? How many times in a day do you quarrel with your little brother, and put him into a passion by your naughty temper? And who is more greedy and selfish than yourself? Do you not go into a corner, or any secret place, to eat your sweetmeats, lest any one should want to have a share? And have you not sense and reason, which the sparrow has not? And how much better are you, James, than the fowls of the air? It does not become us, my brother, to despise any thing which God has made. God loves the sparrow,

and we are told in the Bible, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of our heavenly Father. Therefore, if the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, deigns to protect and love the humble sparrow, shall we, poor simple children of the dust, presume to despise them. No, my brother, let us first amend our own errors, before we judge the faults of others."

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS AFRAID OF BE-
ING IN THE DARK.

"OH, mamma! mamma! do not take the candle away. I do not like to stay in the dark." "Why not, my dear?" "Oh! mamma! I do not! I do not!"

“But can you give me no reason, my dear, for not liking to be in the dark?”

“Because I should be alone, mamma.”

“Then if I go away and leave the candle you will not be alone, will you?”

“Yes, mamma, but when there is a candle, I can see every thing in the room.”

“Why, my love, do you suppose that any of the chairs or the tables would hurt you if there were no light?”

“No, mamma, but I do not like to be in the dark.”

“Can you tell me, my dear, who it is that protects you from evil and danger every day, and every night?”

“My Father in heaven, mamma.”

“And is he not ever present? Are not the darkness and the light both alike to Him?”

“Yes, mam-

ma.” “Then what has my darling to fear?” “Nothing, mamma; you may take the candle now, I shall not be afraid.” And so the candle was taken away, and there was not a chair nor a table moved a leg, neither did a pillow walk down from the sofa, nor a book jump out from the bookcase: but every thing kept in the same order as if there had been a light in the room.

THE BOY WHO WANTED MANY THINGS.

“MAMMA,” said a little boy, as he one day sat by her side, “I wish I had a little garden of my own; for often when I want a flower I am afraid to take one of yours lest you should be angry with me:

may I have a garden, mamma ?” So his mamma said, “ Yes, my dear, you shall have a little garden.” And she bade the gardener make one for him. Well, the little boy was very much pleased with his garden for a day or two : and then he began to wish for something else. And so he said to his mamma, “ I wish I had some rabbits, I want something to amuse me.” And so his mamma bought him three pretty little rabbits, and a nice house to keep them in. Now, for two weeks, the boy thought he loved his rabbits very much ; he fed them well with nice bran, clover, and thistles : and took all his playmates to admire them ; but at the end of that time, his love went quite away, and

he wished that he had never seen the rabbits, for they only teased him. And so he said, "Mamma, I wish you would let me have a little dog; for you know, though my rabbits are very pretty creatures, they can not go out with me when I go for a walk, nor seem glad and fond of me as a dog can." And so his mamma gave him a pretty little spaniel, with a white bosom, and white paws spotted with black; and his ears were black, and they looked soft and glossy like silk; and its eyes were black and sparkling! And so, when the little boy saw this pretty spaniel, he was so much pleased that he thought he never could get tired of it. For many weeks the boy took the little

dog wherever he went, and played with him whenever he had a spare moment. And the little dog became very fond of him, and often fawned upon him ; and if his paws were not clean when he jumped upon him, the boy did not think it any trouble to brush the dust from off his clothes. But after a time, he began to grow tired of this pretty creature, and to be very cross with him ; and if, as he had been wont, he fawned upon him when his feet were not clean, the boy would kick him, and say that he was a nasty dirty little dog. But, the dog was not so unkind as his master, for when beaten and scolded, he only licked the hand which gave the blow, and grieved because

a change had come over the heart that once loved him. One day, the boy said to his mamma, "I wish I had a pony, I am tired of my dog : may I have a pony, mamma?" "No, my dear," replied his mamma, "I do not intend to give you any thing more until you have learned to love the things you now possess. I gave you a garden full of flowers, and it is now overgrown with weeds ; I also gave you three pretty rabbits, which you have never looked at for the last seven weeks ; then last of all I gave you that little spaniel, of which I thought you could not get tired, but which of late I have been grieved to observe you tease in a most cruel manner : therefore, my dear, you

need not ask me to give you any thing else, for I shall not do it until I see you a wiser and a better child." And so the boy went away ashamed and troubled; and after much thought he went out and began to weed his garden, and once more went to look at his rabbits; and his mamma had the pleasure of seeing that he became an altered child from that time. His garden was cleanly weeded, his rabbits nicely fed, and his little dog he became fonder of than he had ever been. And so, when his mamma was quite sure that he had become a better boy, she bought him a pretty white pony. And now the most earnest wish of the boy's heart was, that he might grow in grace

and in the knowledge of God. And so God blessed him, and brought him into the holy way, which is the way of truth. And in all his doing the Lord was his guide and his guardian.

MY SISTER REBECCA.

My sister Rebecca has a skylark, and she calls him her little pet, because he sings so sweetly ; and he knows her quite well. You should see him in a morning, when first we come down stairs, or at any time when we have been out walking, how he runs to one corner of his cage to look at us ; and when Rebecca chirps, and says, “ My beauty ! my pretty fellow ! ” he stands up pertly, and then begins jump-

ing from one end of the cage to the other, just as I have seen joyous little children jump, and he makes a low twitter just like a young bird. Some time ago he was ill, and we were sadly afraid that he would die: he used to sit from day to day with ruffled feathers and drooping wings, his food was left untasted, and his pleasant voice was seldom heard; but in two or three weeks he began to grow better, to eat his food as usual, and to peck among the green grass upon the sod we had placed in his cage. And now, you see, he is quite well, and we treasure his little songs more than ever we did, for we never knew how sweet they were until, through his illness, he became silent.

And thus it is with many blessings we possess ; they become so common to us that we cease to be thankful for them, and know not their value until they are taken away. We forget who is the Author and Giver of all good ; we forget that it is through the mercy and loving kindness of God that we receive food and clothing, and all that we possess ; we forget that even in a moment, He could destroy every good and useful thing in this fair and lovely world. Oh ! why should we thankless creatures forget, from day to day and from week to week, and even from month to month, Him, who never, even for one moment, forgetteth us ? Let us begin at once to be grateful

to God for his great goodness to us. Let us "remember our Creator in the days of our youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when we shall say we have no pleasure in them : while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain."

PUSS AND HER THREE KITTENS.

ONE morning, a happy cat lay on some nice clean hay in a snug corner of a hay-loft, purring to three pretty kittens which lay by her side. Now, puss had nursed her darlings in this hay-loft unknown to any one for a whole month ; but on this morning she and they were found by one

of the boys employed by the farmer who owned the hay-loft. "Ah!" said he, as he turned up a piece of hay with his fork, "so, I have found you, have I?" And, without saying another word, he took up his broad-brimmed hat, and placing the three kittens within it, walked off to the house; while the poor cat ran mewling by his side, and looking up in great distress fearing, perhaps, that they were going to be drowned, as all her former dear little ones had been. But he took them into the house, and laying them down upon the hearth, said to the farmer's little daughter, a rosy-cheeked girl of ten years old, "There Mary, these must all be drowned!" But Mary had a tender heart, and

taking the kittens up one by one, she said, "No, no, pretty creatures, you shall not be drowned, for I know that mother will let me keep you until I find some kind persons to whom I can give you." Now, when pussy heard Mary say this, she came and began rubbing herself against her and purred most sweetly. And Mary knew well her meaning, and stooping to pat her side, she said, "Did Thomas say your darlings should be drowned? never mind him, for I promise you that they shall not." Now Mary, having gained leave of her mother to keep the kittens awhile, took them away into a spare room, and went to see them many times a day.

One of the kittens was quite white, another black, and the third a pretty light tabby. And Mary gave them names; the white one she called Snowball, the black one, Jetty, and the gray tabby, Little Singer, because this happy kitten was almost always purring. Well, after a day or two, Jetty was given to an old woman, who lived in a cottage in a field, and who, Mary was quite sure, would be very kind to her, for she was kind to every thing. Snowball was given to Miss Jesse, at the great white house; and Miss Jesse made a great pet of her: she gave her new milk and bread and butter twice a day, and a soft cushion to sleep upon; and she tied a pink satin collar about her neck,

and said that she was the greatest beauty in the village. “Well, and Little Singer, what became of her?” Why, an old lady called one day at the farm-house, and seeing Little Singer asleep on the hearth, she asked Mary if she would part with her; “for,” said the lady, “I know a little child who is ill, and always lies upon her couch, and I am sure that this kitten would greatly please her.” Then Mary said, that she should like it to go to the little girl, and would send the boy with it; but the lady said, “No, I will take it myself in my muff.” And so the lady took Little Singer away, and Mary saw its pretty gray face peeping out from the end of her muff as she left the farm-

yard. Then Mary turned away from the window with a tear in her eye and a sigh in her heart, for she felt for a moment as though she had lost all that she loved, and all that loved her. With this feeling in her mind, Mary walked out into the farmyard, and before she had gone half way across it, a whole brood of chickens came running with out-stretched wings to meet her, thinking she was bringing them food; and a tame starling, whose cage was hung upon one side of the dairy wall, began calling out, "Mary! what's the matter, Mary?" Then came old Hector, the shepherd's dog, wagging his tail, and licking her hands; and Billy, the goat, came frisking about her. Mary's sad-

ness soon passed away, and her heart grew glad again, for she felt that there is always something for us to love and something to love us.

NUTTING.

ONE summer's day, a number of village children sat out together to a certain wood, to gather nuts. Some little girls were dressed in blue skirts with white bodies, and close cottage bonnets; and others in white cambric frocks, and large gipsy hats tied down with blue ribands; and there were boys—some with crownless hats, and others with their jackets all worn at the elbows; some with holes in their shoes, and others with no shoes

at all. But they were all merry and glad, no matter, fine clothes or poor ones—they had hearts full of glee, which were far better than fine trappings. So away they went in high spirits to the wood, each little girl with a basket in her hand, and each little boy with a bag across his shoulders. Well, when they got into the wood they were like a number of birds let loose from a cage, or things just awoke to a new life; running, shouting, leaping and singing, until the wood seemed as though it was one vast instrument of music. Then there was such climbing of trees, such pulling down of branches, and such tearing of clothes, as scarcely ever was seen. Noon came,

and a white cloth was spread upon the ground by one of the little girls, and they each placed upon it their dinner, and sat down to eat. Oh! what a motley sight was here: the wing of a chicken, the head of a rabbit, the tail of a lamb, the leg of a goose, a part of a pig's cheek, apple tarts in the shape of birds, with currants stuck in for eyes, little custards and currant tarts, brown bread and butter, and white cakes made of fine flour, milk, and eggs; bottles of new milk, and all shapes and colors of cups to drink it from. Well, after the meal was eaten they all went a nutting again, and were very busy until about six o'clock in the evening, when a black cloud, which had been

gathering for the last two hours, burst into a heavy shower of rain. A place of shelter was now quickly sought, and after running about for nearly ten minutes, they found an old barn, into which they went. After the lapse of two hours they began to fear that they should have to stay there all night, for the rain still fell heavily, and they were four miles from home. Many a sigh was heaved, many a tear was shed, many an anxious eye watched for a glimpse of the blue sky, and many a one said, "Oh! what will my mother think;" but still the rain fell heavily. It was now dark, and the children poured out their nuts into a corner, and spread their bags on the floor to lie upon, and very soon

most of them were fast asleep. But one little boy, who had a sick mother at home, feared that she might die while he was away, and therefore he could not go to sleep; and so he sat down on a little piece of wood, and placing his elbows upon his knees he rested his chin in his hands, and thought of his poor mother. At last the little boy was startled by hearing a loud snoring in the farther corner of the barn; the child held his breath, and wondered who it could be. Again the loud breathing was heard, and the boy's heart almost fainted within him, for he knew that none of the children were there. Could it be a robber who had crept in there to hide himself? Many

strange thoughts passed through the heart of the child, and he knew not what to do. After a time, he knelt down and prayed that God would protect him from danger, and then he arose and walked with trembling steps toward the place from whence he heard the breathing. He looked upon the ground, but nothing could be seen; he felt along by the wall with his foot, but nothing could be felt; but as he was just about to return to his seat he heard a loud hissing above his head, and looking upward, he beheld two large eyes shining like fire. For a moment he was stricken with fear, when, all on a sudden, a flapping of wings was heard, and the boy found that it was a great white owl that

had so alarmed him. The rain had ceased, and the little boy looked out from the barn-door, and it was the day-dawn ; and so he awoke his playmates and made them arise, for it was high time that they should put an end to the suspense of their parents. At the entrance to the village they were met by a number of persons who had been searching for them all the night ; but as they had sought only in the wood they had not found them, for the barn was not in the wood. But now they were happy and thankful to see the dear children return, safe and well ; and they took them each to his own home, and their kind mothers made them a nice breakfast.

THE WHITE DOE.

ONCE there was a fine old castle, which stood in the midst of a great park. Many tall trees were in the park, and many little flowers, and much green grass ; and there was also a clear shining river like crystal, and little streams spreading out like silver ; and there were squirrels in the trees, and vast numbers of birds ; and rabbits and hares among the grass and shrubs, and fishes in the river, and smooth pebbles in the streams ; and there was a holy stillness in the place, as if none but gentle and pure things dwelt therein. Now in this old castle dwelt a little girl, with a meek and loving heart, open to

receive all the pure lessons which those little creatures had to teach: like them she knew no evil, because she had never seen any. One day, as this little child was sitting on one of the lower steps leading up to the castle door, there came running up to her, all faint and panting, a lovely white doe, which threw itself down at her feet. Surprised and afraid, the child looked up, and saw in the distance many dogs seeking the pretty creature. But before they reached the spot, she had it taken to a place of safety, where the cruel dogs could not find it. After they had gone away, the child went to look at the white doe, and was grieved to find great tears on its face, and the sign

of much sorrow, and she feared that its heart was broken. But it lived on for two days, and on the third morning, when the child went to look at it, she found it stretched out upon its side, quite breathless and cold, and by its side lay a little fawn, as white as snow. Then the child shed many tears over the lifeless doe, as she thought how its gentle heart had broken; but the dear little fawn she took into her arms, and warmed it, and gave it sweet milk to drink, and proper food to eat; but it was such a tender, helpless thing, that for many days she feared it would die. But it lived, and the child was blest; and when it became strong, she took a chain of flowers, and led it out

among the green grass into the pleasant sunshine ; and it drank of the little streams, and leaped in the light, and ate of the tender grass ; and the child clasped her arms about its neck, and looked into its gentle eyes, and upon its snowy skin, and her soul became whiter and purer as she gazed. Oh ! it was a blessed thing to see those two gentle creatures, walking together in the clear sunshine, or standing in the silver moonlight, wreathed about with flowers, and clothed alike in snowy garments.

THE WALK BY TWILIGHT.

How pleasant it is to walk in the meadows at twilight, when the golden glory of sunset is fading in the west, and

the holy stars come one by one into the purple sky. And it is so pleasant to hear, at a distance, the joyous voices, and the merry laugh of children at play. My sister Rebecca and I have often been in the meadows at twilight, going home, tired, but yet happy, after long and pleasant rambling in Clifton grove, or in the village of Bridgford, or by the side of the river Trent, seeking for the flowering rush and the adder's tongue ; walking in the shade of the elm-trees, and watching the dragon-flies flitting to and fro, like fairy rainbows ; or wandering in Wilford churchyard, reading the verses on the tomb-stones, and listening to the almost ceaseless cawing of the rooks, which

build their nests in the tall elm-trees which grow there ; or rambling through fields and lanes, seeking in the summer season for wild roses, and in the autumn for black-berries. Then, in the long fair evenings, we used to return home through the meadows ; and when we reached our home, our dear mother, glad to see her children return safe and well, would smile upon us as only a mother can smile, look as only a mother can look, speak as only a mother can speak ; forgetting all the anxious thoughts we had caused her by our long absence.

LITTLE JANE.

LITTLE Jane is sleepy, she must go to bed. Come, and mamma will untie her clothes. Now, my dear child, kneel on mamma's lap and say your prayers—fold your hands, dearest—and close your eyes, while you pray. There now, lay your head on your pillow, and mamma will draw the curtains round your bed. Oh! the pretty silver moon is looking in at the window, and she will watch over my Jane while she sleeps. Now one more kiss, my darling, and good-night.

Come, Jane dear, it is morning, the sun shines, the birds sing, and the merry bees are busy among the roses, and the

lilies, and it is high time my little Jane was up. Now mamma will wash you, and comb out your little ringlets; and here is a clean frock, and a pair of clean socks, and shoes; and now we are ready to go down to breakfast.

Now we have had breakfast, and Sarah may take Jane into the field to gather daisies and king-cups; here is a basket to put them in. Good-by, dearest, go and bring mother some flowers.

HOW LITTLE DAVY OUGHT TO BEHAVE.

WHAT must little Davy do? Little tiny Davy, who has but just learnt to run alone. Must he play with the kitten; or with his box of ducks and geese;

or that nice little ball which Aunt Lucy brought him the other day ; or must he ride on the rocking-horse ; or in the swing in the garden ?

Little Davy must be a good child, and do as papa and mamma bid him ; and must not cry for any thing, when he is told he must not have it : neither must he pout and be sulky when mamma tells him not to pull Rover's tail, nor stroke pussy's back the wrong way ; and he must love his sister Annie very dearly, and not frown upon her, and say, " Go away," when she comes to kiss him ; for Annie has no little brother beside Davy, and she loves him and is very kind to him. And he must love papa and mamma, and Ro-

ver and pussy—and Robin Red-breast, that sings in the cherry-tree—and little flies and spiders, and insects of all kinds, and not hurt any thing—this is what little Davy must do.

THE CAT.

“Puss went under the grate to-night.”
“Did she: what that great cat? I thought only kittens went under grates.”
“And so did I; but, however, she went.”
“I wonder what for?” “Perhaps to look for a cricket.” “Have you crickets?”
“Yes; I often hear them chirping as I sit by the fire at night. Ours is a funny cat; she sometimes goes up the chimney.” “What, when there is a fire in

the grate?" "O no; the chimney in the back chamber. I have heard it said that cats do not love any one, but I am sure our cat does; for whenever I let her come into my lap, she rubs her head about, and stretches out her claws, and purrs as loudly as she can. I sometimes try to hear what she says, but I can make nothing of it; but it matters not what she says, I know she is happy, and that is enough."

LITTLE WILLY.

"WILLY, dear, the baby is dead; shall we go and look at him?" "Yes, sister." "Come softly, brother, and do not speak loudly. See how he lies, as

though he were sleeping ; and the little waxen hands, which, a few days ago, were so busy and playful, now lie still by his side ; see, there is a folded moss-rosebud in each of them ; and above his head are lilies of the valley ; and, Willy, here are your pet blue-bells at his feet, and my own white lily on his bosom." " Sister, what is that upon his cheek,—is it not a tear ?" " Ah ! my Willy, and so it is ; it must have fallen from poor mamma's eye. O ! Willy, you know how she loved our baby,—she always called him her little dove, because he was so gentle. Poor mamma ! let us, Willy, try to be very good children, that we may be a comfort to her." Sister, dear, will our

brother go to heaven with these flowers upon him?" "No, my love, he is gone to heaven." "Then how can he be here?" "It is only his body that is here, Willy; it is his spirit which is in heaven." "How did it go, sister?" "God took it, dear brother." "Will he see Jesus Christ in heaven, sister?" "Yes, love." "Will Jesus let him be his little lamb, and carry him in his bosom?" "Yes, Willy." "O! then I wish God would take papa, and mamma, and you and me, sister; and then mamma would never weep tears on baby's cheek any more, for she would be so happy to be with God, and Jesus Christ, and holy angels, and all good people, and our sweet baby-brother, for

ever. Do you think God would take us if we were to ask him, sister?" "Yes, my dear, God will take us to heaven at the time when he thinks best, but for the present it is his will that we should remain upon the earth, and do our duty to him and to each other.

THE BEGGAR.

"MAMMA, I gave a penny to a poor man this morning. Was I a good boy for so doing?" "It depends upon the motive you had in view. Did you give it him because you thought he was poor? or because you thought I should call you a good boy?" "Because I thought you would call me a good boy, mamma."

“I am sorry to hear it, my dear; tell me just what you thought when you gave the penny to the man.” “Well, mamma, I saw him coming up the garden, and when he knocked at the door, I went to him, and he asked for a morsel of bread. So I just thought of a penny I had in my pocket, and I said to myself, ‘Now if I give this penny, mamma will call me a good boy, and then I shall be glad:’ and so I gave it to him.” “Now, my dear, this is what you should have said: ‘This old man is very poor, and I have a penny to spare that will do him good, and he shall have it.’” “Ah! mamma, I wish I had thought of that, but I am sure I did not intend to do wrong. You know,

mamma, I love you so dearly, that I strive to please you in all things.” “Yes, my dear, I know you love me, and I believe you did not intend to do wrong ; but, my dear child, we are so apt to do things that we may be praised of men, instead of doing all things to the glory of God. Do you not know, my love, that our Lord said in his sermon on the mount, ‘ Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them : otherwise ye have no reward of your Father, which is in heaven !’ You will try to think of this, will you, love ?” “ Oh ! dearest mamma, I am sure I will, and I hope that God

‘ Will grant me pardon for the past.
And strength for time to come.’ ”

THE VULTURE.

“OH, mamma! mamma! look here look here!” “Why, Willy, dear, what makes you laugh so!” “Oh! mamma, here is a picture of a bird with a frill round its neck.” “No, my love, it is not a frill; those are feathers about its neck.” “Feathers, mamma! What kind of bird is it?” “It is a vulture, my love.” “A vulture! where does it live?” “It lives in many parts of Europe, also in Africa and Asia.” “How large is the vulture, mamma; is it as large as an owl?” “Yes, dear; the vulture is larger than the eagle, but far less noble than that bird: the wings of the vulture spread out more than seven

feet." "Oh dear, mamma, that is nearly twice as much as I am in height! See here, mamma, is a picture of a cat. Pretty pussy!" "You are fond of pussy, Willy." "Yes, mamma, very fond of her; she looks so nice when she sets upon the clean hearth stone, and she rubs her head on me so fondly when I talk to her; and when she has kittens they play so strangely, and dance after a ball or a piece of string so gayly, that they make me quite glad. Hark, mamma! did you not hear pussy mewling?" "Yes," Willy, I think she is at the door." "I will go and see, mamma. Oh, yes, here she is: pretty creature! come in pussy."

CLARA AND THE KITTEN.

“WELL, Clara, did you take back the kitten to the little girl?” “Yes, and at first she said she had rather I had kept it; but when I told her the reason why I had brought it, she wept for joy; and her grandmother told me, that since the kitten had been gone, the child had never sat down to a meal without shedding tears. O! then how glad I was that she was made happy once again, and how pleased I felt with you for having told me to take back the kitten; and I believe the pretty little thing was glad to get home again, for it purred and rubbed itself against the little girl, and the child stooped down to pat its head, that I might not see the tears

which fell fast from her eyes. But have you brought a kitten for me, Emily?" "Yes, I have one in my basket." "O! do let me look at it. Well, what a beauty! it is quite white, and has blue eyes and rose-tinted lips—where did you get it? It is not an English cat, is it?" "No, it is a cat of Angola. I knew of a lady who had a cat and two kittens when I asked you to take back the other one, and I hoped I might procure one for you; and so I have you see." "Oh! I am sure I do not know how to thank you for your kindness; but what is this chain about its neck for?" "It is on purpose that you may not lose it; you must lead it by this chain for the first few days, or it would,

perhaps, go away from you, as you are quite a stranger to it, but it will soon become very fond of you.” “Dear Emily, how glad I am to have such a pretty creature.” “Yes, Clara, and how glad I am that that little girl is made happy again. Here, my dear, take this half-crown, and the next time you go to the cottage give it to her, and tell her to buy something useful with it.” “Thank you, Emily, she will be very much pleased.”

A LITTLE MOUSE.

“COME here — come here — come here—Harry; make haste before it is gone.” “Before what is gone, Fanny?” “A little mouse, which I have chased up

into this corner, on purpose for you ; you know you said you would like one to keep." " Oh ! you may let it go, Fanny ; I can not catch it." " You can if you make haste, for I am holding it." " I mean, I can not find it in my heart to catch it, Fanny ; do you not see how it trembles ? Beside that, it is quite a young one, and if we were to keep it here, very likely its mother would break her heart." " Oh ! well, then, we will let it go, Harry, if you think it has a mother ; for I am sure our mamma would weep very sadly, if either you or I should be taken away from her ; so, little trembling mouse, I will hold you no longer,—go, and make your mother happy again."

LITTLE ROBERT.

“LITTLE Robert is coming to see me to-day. Do you know little Robert?”—
“No.”—“Oh! you will love him when you see him! he is such a pretty, funny child, and his eyes are so blue and pleasant-looking, and—

‘His little locks of crisped gold,
In many a soft and sunny fold,
Fall over his forehead, white and fair.’

Then he is so merry, and always in good temper,—so gentle and so kind, he will do anything you wish him,—if it is not wrong, I mean; for I am sure that child would not do what he thought wrong.

Mamma says, the little lambs in the field are not more happy nor more harmless than is **Robert**.”—“**H**ow long have you known him?”—“**E**ver since he was a fair little baby, four months old; and since that time **I** have seen him once in every month, and he grows fairer and better every day, and **I** love him as dearly as if he were my own brother. **E**very one loves **Robert**, and **Robert** loves every one, and every thing; he would not be unkind to a spider, an ant, a worm, or even an ugly ear-wig,—and he is only four years old; but he is so wise. **I** will tell you what he one day said, when we were at play. **T**here was one of those very small spiders creeping on his arm,

which one of the children seeing, said, ‘Kill it! kill it!’ But Robert warmly replied, ‘Nay, God made little spider, God made Robert; Robert would not like to be killed, no more would little spider. It shall not die, it shall live and be happy.’ Oh! you can not think, Helen how much I loved him when I heard him say this; I took him in my arms, and thought I should never have done kissing him, the dear little creature. I will tell you, Helen, what I always think of when I see Robert, shall I?” “Yes, do.” “Well, when I first read that passage in the Bible, about Christ blessing little children, I pictured them to myself as being very lovely; now Robert always

reminds me of those children ; I think he is just as lovely, just as meek and gentle ; and I am sure if our Savior was in this world now, he would take him in his arms, and bless him. But though he is in heaven, he sees, and loves, and blesses all good children, therefore he blesses my dear Robert. Sweet happy little fellow, it does me good to look at that child ; for I always say in my heart, while gazing on his pure beauty, ‘ Of such must be the kingdom of Heaven.’ ”

THE END.

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